The Young Men of the Army.

The Louisville *Journal* says:

The fame of Spartan mothers is to be rivalled by the firmness, devotion, and loyalty of the mothers of America. The present war calls forth the exhibition of the noblest traits of the female heart. We have seen scores of letters which, if collected in a printed volume, might accompany the "book of books," as a most fitting commentary on the value of its inculcations, and show the rich produce of the ripe harvests which spring from its seeds of righteousness and truth. But we are permited to copy an extract from one addressed to Col. J. M. Shackelford, which in its tone of Christian confidence and patriotic self-sacrifice, is above and beyond all praise. Written from a secluded country home, "that Shenstone might have envied"—a home where "peace, tranquility, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around"—it pours forth the hopes and fears of a mother, who, leaning on the Almighty arm, trusting to his power, and confident in the justice of her country's cause, gives up her eldest son to her God and to that country. The simple pathos of the letter is the highest eloquence, and its religious confidence the most holy characteristic of an American mother. It reads as follows:

Col. John M. Shackelford—I send my son to you, yes, my eldest child, with the full confidence that you will care for, guide, and protect him as you would your own son.

My boy has been as tenderly cared for, and his morals as strictly guarded as a girl's. He is young, unsophisticated, and innocent as the most refined female. God grant that he may remain so, although I know the camp is calculated to demoralize and unfit a man for the social circle. My boy is gentle, but firm and unwavering. He can be managed by kindness, but not by harshness. This I know by experience. I know martial laws are rigid; be gentle and forbearing in consequence of his age and inexperience.

Pardon the feelings and partiality of a doting mother. I now give my darling boy up to his God and country, and may the just God of Battles preside over and shield your devoted regiment, is the prayer of your unhappy friend.

Paid Off in Their Own Coin.

During the occupation of London, Ken., by the rebel forces under Zollicoffer, they obtained all of their supplies from the Union men of that town, giving in return that vile stuff, Confederate bonds, payable two years after date. They never took anything from the secesh of the neighborhood, but encouraged them in all their impositions upon the Unionists about there. When, however, Zollicoffer was driven out by Gen. Schoepf, and the Union forces in need of supplies, one of the richest secessionists of the neighborhood—who had been most active in showing Zollicoffer who of the Union men had corn and supplies—was applied to by the General for corn, oats and hay, for his forces, but was answered by him that he would neither give, lend nor sell anything to him or his forces. Gen. Schoepf then very quietly sent a detachment for the articles wanted; obtained from the Unionists around, the Confederate bonds, paid him a good price for his produce with bonds, and gave to the Union men the money of the glorious Government for which he is now so nobly fighting.

CHARCATCER IS POWER.

It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its influence, more lasting in its away, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved to the judgement of his neighbors and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

A Short Clergyman.

A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there now lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village, to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. —— in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and according nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over-pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice, proclaimed in nasal tones the text:

"Be of good cheer; it is I—be not afraid!"

A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors.—Many, in the general uprear, left the house; and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with the sermon, so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came—and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of his audience. The text was announced in due form:

"A little while ye shall see me, and again a little while and ye shall not see me."

In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back, lost his elevated footing and disappeared from his hearers! The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

A Romantic Story.

The Richmond *Dispatch* chronicles a remarkable story, derived from a gentleman for many years engaged in the prosecution of military claims, who obtained the particulars from a descendant of the parties that form the subject of the narrative. Early in the revolutionary war a man named Lane enlisted in a company raised for three years. The company went north and joined Washington's army. Taking part in all the previous battles, Lane was severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown, and during the battle and after, he was taken care of by a brother soldier, to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company as himself. The term of the service having expired, these two soldiers were discharged, and returned home devoted and inseparable friends. In the meantime the tide of war rolled on the South, and they again enlisted to serve in General Lincoln's army, at the time engaged in the seige of Savannah. In that seige they did their duty bravely. At last, Lane's friend was wounded in turn, and was carried off the field in the arms of his devoted friend. While under the care of the surgeon it was discovered that his brave and tender companion was a woman!

It appeared that she had formed a strong attachment to Lane, whom she had accidentally met, but made so little impression upon him that he did not recognize her when he afterwards met her disguised as a soldier. She was in despair when Lane enlisted, and under the inspiration of affection she fled from her parents, donned the Continental uniform, and followed him to the wars. What ensued was a proper *finale* to such a romance. The woman recovered, and, as soon as the twain was released from captivity, they became one. They lived many years very happily together, and left several children. Both the man and his wife received pensions until their decease, for services rendered as soldiers.

A Protest from an Unexpected Source.

It is a noticeable fact that at the first court held in Charleston, South Carolina, under Rebel authority, the first business was a bold and pungent protest against the right of the Confederate Government. A case came up under the Rebel sequestration act, in which Judge Pettigru, a man of high repute, assailed that act in the severest manner. "This act," said he, "*borrowed from the darkest period of tyranny, is dug up from the very quarters of despotism*, and put forward as our sentiments. *They are not my sentiments*, and sorry will I be if in this sentiment I am solitary and alone." Upon its inquisitorial features, requiring the violation of professional confidence, he exclaimed: "There are cases when it is dishonor or death—*and death will certainly be chosen by every man worthy the name.*" Upon the excuse of necessity for such a law, he became sarcastic, and inquired:

"How can that be said to be necessary, which *is absolutely never known to have occurred before?* Was there anybody that ever fought before General Beauregard? War unfortunately is not a new thing. Its history is found on every page. Was there ever a war like this endured, practised or heard of? It certainly is not found among the people from whom we derive the common law. No English monarch or Parliament has ever sanctioned or undertaken such a thing. It is utterly inconsistent with the common law to require an inquisitorial examination of the subjects of the laws of war. It is no more a part of the law of war than it is part of the law of peace."

The District Attorney perceived the remarkable character of the scene, and was indignant that "the first duty which devolved upon his Honor since he put on his robes, and opened the first term of the Confederate Court in South Carolina, should be to listen to an invective against the Government whose commission he bore," and he justly charged Judge Pettigru with "drawing in question not only the constitutionality of the law passed by the Congress of the Confederate States, but the *very authority of that Congress itself, and the validity of the Government which it represents.*"

Such a protest from Charleston, the heart of secessia, at such a time, has deep meaning. Judge Pettigrew is bolder than his fellows, but thousands of Southern men are not less decided at heart in their protests against the Rebel authority.—*Oneida Herald.*

THE TALENT OF SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous defection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, as to be always looking in the face of others for approval, to be anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—*Longfellow.*

EARLY HARPOON PRACTICE.—Passing through Nantucket last summer, we stopped at an out-of-the-way house for a drink of water. As we approached the half-open door, we beheld the following scene: An urchin, some six years old, had fastened a fork to the end of a ball of yarn which his mother was holding, which he very dextrously aimed at a black cat dosing in the corner. Puss no sooner felt the sharp prick of the fork, than she darted off in a jiffy, while the experimenter sung out in his glee:

"Pay out, mother! pay out! there she goes thro' the window!"

State of Kansas, Pottawattomie Co. } SS

A. Sydney Tebbs, vs. William Campbell, } In the District Court 3d Judicial District in and for Pottawatomie County.

To the Sheriff of said county of Pottawattomie, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to notify William Campbell that he has been sued in the District Court, in and for the county of Pottawattomie, in the State of Kanpas, by A. Sydney Tebbs. That unless he slend answer or demur to the petition of said A. Sydney Tebbs, against him filed in the Clerk's office of said Court, on or before the 30th day of October, 1861, such petition will be taken as true, and judgment rendered accordingly.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court affixed at my office at Rockingham this 30th day of September, A. D. 1861.

ALONZO CATTREL, Clerk.